



T H E

Female Politician :

O R T H E

STATESMAN UNMASK'D.

A

NOVEL.





THE
Female Politician:
OR THE
STATESMAN UNMASK'D.
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NOVEL.

By the Author of THE PRUDE.

Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in Awe;
But to our Thoughts what Edict can give Law?
Ev'n you yourself to your own Breast shall tell
Your Crimes, and your own Conscience be your Hell.
DRYDEN.

For he that has but Impudence,
To all Things has a fair Pretence;
And put amongst his Wants but Shame,
To all the World may lay his Claim.
HUDIBRAS.

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A

LETTER

From a Gentleman to the
Bookfeller, upon his desir-
ing his Opinion of the Copy:



CANNOT but own,
when you told me this
Novel was done by the
Author of *THE PRUDE*,
I was partial to it.

For tho' it cannot be denied, there
are many juvenile Strokes, as well
as Irregularities in the Diction, yet
the

the Plan, I believe, is allowed by most that have read it, as well laid as the best Writings of that Sort; it being natural, and every little Circumstance probable. The Distress is extremely fine; and, what I think a great Beauty in it, is, after leaving the Reader with a thorough Detestation to Belvill's Falshood, when you come to the Story of Clarionville, you pity him more than the long-distress'd Emelia.

WHAT still heightens the Story, we are not less delighted with the fine Strokes of her maternal Tenderness for her Son, than when she appears in her Bloom of Youth, struggling amidst so many Temptations. I never read a more agreeable Character of the Sex's. She is made a Person of great, tho' not romantick Virtue.

Virtue. Lyfander wounded in her Defence, and the same Moment found to be her Son, is inimitable.

I expected, like Painters, who, as well as Poets, generally make a Resemblance in all their Beauties as Characters, something of the same Turn; and was pleasingly surprized, to find it so very opposite, and yet so good. Amiana shines in the fashionable GREAT WORLD, with the easy Virtue of a well-bred Gentlewoman. Flavia and Beaufly are to be met in many Families. Madam La Mode is a very good Subject of Ridicule. The Description of De Amie is like one of Shakespear's; his Virtues are to be revered, tho' blended with Faults. It's certain, there have been such People as Madam De Baffonville and
Mecænas;

Mecænas ; *but, above all, the Chevalier De Bassonville appears with a superiour Genius, tho' not much introduced in the Scene.*



T H E



T H E

Female Politician.



ADAM *De Bassonville* was left a Widow, with a very small Estate, and three Children; this made the Death of her Husband (who was possesst of several considerable Employments) almost insupportable to her. She could not bear the mortifying Thought of being forced to retire into the Country, and lead a private Life, banished from the Gaieties of a Court (in which she had been bred from her Infancy) but rather chose to struggle with the Difficulties of a narrow Fortune, and still keep up her Acquaintance. She had a good Complexion, an agreeable Air, a ready Wit, and a very insinuating Address.

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IT was her good Fortune, a few Months after the Death of her Husband, to ingratiate herself into the Favour of the chief Minister (whom we shall mention by the Name of *Mecænas*); who without suffering her to pass through the Plagues of a tedious Solicitation, soon obtain'd for her a handsome Pension. This, with other considerable Favours he bestow'd on her, occasion'd some ill-natur'd Reflections, as making not only very obliging Returns herself, without expressing the least Uneasiness at his Amusements with the Fair: But, on the contrary, she had the greatest Friendship for the Person whose Charms had most Influence on *Mecænas*. Yet in spite of all that Envy could invent, she had the Skill, or good Fortune, to conceal (if guilty) any Action that might justly deserve Blame; and her Happiness in keeping *Mecænas's* Friendship, join'd with her good Luck at Play, had so enlarged her Fortune, that few Ladies thought themselves well acquainted with the polite World, unless they visited Madam *De Bassonville*.

To her Son, the Chevalier *De Bassonville*, *Mecænas* had given a very handsome Post in the Army, for his Years; so that

now

now her only Care was to match her Daughters, who were grown Women, before their Mother had lost all those Charms that create a peculiar Respect from Mankind. *Flavia*, the eldest, was handsome, but too affected, with so ill-natur'd a Turn of Wit, in all she said or did, that most of her Acquaintance fear'd, and by consequence hated her; while *Chalot*, the younger, though not possess'd of so many personal Charms, had so obliging a Manner, that it was impossible to know her, and not become her Friend.

ONE Day, as Madam *De Bassonville* was going to meet a Relation she expected to Town, *Mecænas* just then visiting her, and letting her know he had Business, she bid her Daughters go and pay her Compliment to the Lady, and bring her home.

As soon as they were alone, *Mecænas* told her that not above two Hours before, *Mademoiselle La Mode's* Brother dy'd of an apoplectick Fit. After Madam *De Bassonville* had express'd her Amazement at the Accident, he proceeding in his Discourse; said, You are sensible that *Mademoiselle*, by her Brother's Death, is become one of the greatest Fortunes we have in *France*; and know-

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ing what Interest you have in that Lady, I am, added he, come to desire you would take the first Opportunity, to mention my Son to her, for a Husband, in a Way that may incline her Consent. Madam *De Bassonville* not receiving this Proposal with that Readiness she generally did whatever his Lordship requested, which he observing, and letting her understand he did; after a little Pause, she said, I believe *Mecænas* knows I have too great a Deference for his Commands, not readily to obey them; but am afraid in this Affair, some trifling Accident has happen'd that will make it more difficult than you imagine: For, among all the Ladies that visit here, *De Amie* never shewed so great a Dislike to any as *Mademoiselle La Mode*. You know she is very fond of affecting the gay, the lively Airs; and often is so unfortunate, that when she only aims at sprightly Wit, she is by many esteem'd rude. Some of these poignant Flights, on *De Amie's* Gravity, created so fix'd an Aversion in him, that soon after, having an Opportunity to retaliate it, he did it in so severe a Manner, I believe it gave her the greatest Vexation she ever sustain'd. For one Night, as we were at *Basset*, he perceived

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ceived that *Mademoiselle La Mode*, whose way is generally to lay a heap of Guineas on the Card, and when she had lost, give it into the *Bank*, without the Trouble of counting it; had in that lazy Air, a Design: And that after she had pushed her Money into the *Bank*, she would be busy with her Hand, out of which he saw her take two or three Pieces: Which giving him a Suspicion, the next time she lost, after she had pushed her Money into the *Bank*, he laid hold on her Hand, and shewed to the Company three Pieces sticking to her Glove, by something she had put on the inside for that Purpose. Though, persued she, smiling, *Mademoiselle* is not naturally apt to be daunted, yet this so confounded her, she left the Room immediately; for a long time she could not bear the Sight of him, and still there continues a satirical War between them: This, added she, with the Interest *Monsieur De Aviline* seems to have in her, who was to have been married in less than ten Days (if the Brother's Death does not prevent it) made me hesitate when you mention'd it to me, fearing in this Affair we have both Love and Aversion to conquer. As to *De Aviline*, said *Mecænas*, I am in little Pain concern-

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concerning him, being sensible her Ambition will make vast Distinctions between him and my Son; but am afraid it will be more difficult to remove this foolish Pique: Which if she should continue, reply'd Madam *De Bassonville*, I have too much Regard for the Family of *Mecænas*, to give her Vanity so good an Occasion to insult; which I am certain she would, by letting the Town know in what Manner she refused *Mecænas's* Offer: For which Reason, answered he, I would have you mention it as your own Thought, and inforce, with that fine Skill you are Mistress of, the many Advantages she will find in the Match, and what a Regard will be paid to the Wife of *Mecænas's* Son; that nothing but a romantick Ambition can raise her to a more exalted Height. Madam *De Bassonville*, with the most complying Air, promised *Mecænas* to obey him; yet for Reasons (which will be mention'd) *De Amie's* marrying *Mademoiselle La Mode* would have been very displeasing to her.

JUST as they had ended this Conversation, and *Mecænas* had scarce Time to desire her not to mention it to his Son till he knew the Lady's Mind, when *De Amie* entered. The Conversation turning on generals, and
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De Amie taking Notice he had seldom seen so few Visitors, that Lady told him, she had given Orders to be deny'd; and had not *Mecænas* prevented her, she intended to have met a near Relation, that was to be with her at the Request of her Grand-mother, who dying left her to her Care, till she was of Age, or married. I have never seen her, pursues she; but the Character I have heard of her Beauty, and good Sense, makes me imagine I shall see a very engaging Person; and indeed, added she, if my Cozen answers the Description I have heard of her, we shall see a Revolution in the Affairs of Love, upon her appearing at Court. But what Fortune, said *Mecænas* gravely, has this Lady to blazon out her Perfections? Otherwise in this great City she will find her Eyes outsparkled. In that she is very happy, replied Madam *De Bassonville*, being Mistress of enough, either to marry, or to maintain herself very handsomely, though not so much as to invite Fortune-hunters, or render her liable to be sold a Prey to those who have no other View but her Wealth. And yet, said *De Amie* (whose grave Temper frequently lead him into philosophical Reflections) how seldom

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dom are the fair Sex satisfy'd with that State, which gives them so little Opportunity to indulge their Vanity! The Regard and Tenderness we have for them, when it's not intermix'd with Interest, being sincere, generously disdaining the servile Affiduities of Flattery, is less engaging, while the designing Lover, who aims only at their Fortune, or the Ruin of their Honour, has his dissembled Ardors rewarded with real Success; though the complying Fair one, cannot but be sensible, he is only an Adorer of that which is really no Perfection in her. Has, said Madam *De Bassonville*, the News of *Mademoiselle La Mode's* lately advanced Fortune, caused these serious Reflections? Have you not already form'd an Idea of the various Looks and Motions of that agreeable Lady? How many Lovers will rise in Hope, as she bestows the affable, the condescending, or the tender Air; while others are sunk into dire Despair, at the scornful Look, or disdainful Smile! I do not doubt, reply'd *De Amie*, but we shall see her effect all you have described; but, added he, what a Wretch must *Monsieur De Aviline* be, who depending on her former Affection is not prepared for this Disappointment! When exulting in the midst
of

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of her Admirers, he beholds himself treated with the utmost Contempt.

As *De Amie* ended these Words, *Madam de Bassonville* being told her Daughters were come with *Amiana*, the young Lady, she went to receive that beautiful Guest; and after the first Embraces, led her to *Mecænas* and *de Amie*; who, tho' possess'd with the Idea of seeing a very agreeable Person by *Madam de Bassonville's* Description, yet they were surprized beyond all they could imagine, when they beheld her; an easy modest Grace setting off the most perfect Beauty they ever had seen.

THE Father and the Son felt the same Emotion at Sight of her. Their Eyes were too intently fix'd on her, to observe each other; but *Madam De Bassonville* had too good a Penetration, not to perceive what an attractive Power her Charms had on the Hearts of both these Peers.

AFTER a few Compliments had pass'd between the Company and *Amiana*, that Lady speaking as if her Journey had discomposed her, *Mecænas* and his Son left them, tho' not before it was told *Madam De Bassonville*, that *Madam La Mode's* Woman desired to speak with her; at which *Mecænas* by a Glance, as he left the Room,

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put her in mind to remember what they had been talking of. As soon as the young Ladies had conducted *Amiana* to her Apartment, *Madam De Bassonville* ordered *Madam La Mode's* Woman to be admitted, who was come to acquaint her with the sudden Death of that Lady's Brother, the extreme Fright and Grief she was in, and that her Lady requested the Favour of seeing her that Moment, if possible, wanting her Advice about Matters of the greatest Importance. As nothing could be more agreeable to that Lady's Inclination, than to see *Mademoiselle La Mode*, she promised the Woman she would be there before ten Minutes were expired.

BUT *Mademoiselle's* Woman was not gone out of the Room, before *De Aviline* entered, and immediately began to acquaint her, that, as soon as he heard the news of *Mademoiselle La Mode's* Brother's being dead, depending on the inseparable Union that shortly was to be between them, he went directly to visit her; but, said he, how shall I make you sensible of my Astonishment, to see her Woman, who had inform'd her I was there, return with an Air, as if she had never seen me, and tell me a long Story of her Lady's Affliction and Fright,
which

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which had so disordered her, she did not believe it was possible for her to receive Visits in less than a Month? This Message, said Monsieur *De Aviline*, in a Moment made me sensible of my Fate concerning that false Woman, who, you are sensible, received my Addresses in another Manner, when the Advantage was of her Side. And tho' it is certain, added he, this unworthy Usage ought to be returned with equal Scorn, yet I avow to you, I have still so much Regard for that Ingrate, that, without one View to her advanced Fortune, the Loss of her, I fear, will be insupportable to me; and perhaps, continued he, this Treatment may be heighten'd by the Impertinence of her Woman; who finding her Lady's Reason intoxicated by this vast Change, has added to it some of her own ridiculous Airs: And as I am certain, said he, (addressing himself to Madam *De Bassonville*) it's only in the Power of your good Sense to afford me Relief, I flew hither to intreat you would be so generous to become my Friend. He took Care to close the Discourse with such Art, as gave the fair *Widow* to understand, how much it would be to her Advantage if she proved a successful Advocate.

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ON which that Lady assured him, if *Mademoiselle* could be influenced by her, he should be happy as his Wishes; but till she had seen her, it would be impossible to judge. She broke off the Conversation, by letting him know, she was that Moment going thither; and believed by the next Day, she could be able to inform him fully of the State of the Lady's Heart. After his reiterated Assurances of Gratitude, she left him to pursue her Visit. She had only those few Moments her Chair was carried thither, to reflect what she should do between *Mecænas's* and *De Aviline's* different Proposals. She dreaded nothing on Earth so much as offending that great Man; which she fear'd would be impossible to avoid, if she befriended *De Aviline*; and yet she thought the Sum he promised was not to be slighted: Besides the Regard she observed *De Amie* had for her Daughter *Flavia*, made the Thoughts of this Match very displeasing to her. She hoping by her own subtle Arts, and the Ascendant *that* young Beauty had on him, she might one Day see her Daughter become his Bride.

BEFORE she could resolve on any Thing, she was at *Mademoiselle La Mode's*; who received her with excessive Grief, suitable

able to the Occasion; related each particular Agony, with every minute Circumstance before and at her Brother's Death; when, after a Flood of Tears, and Madam *De Bassonville's* Condolements, she began to consult about the important Affairs of her Mourning, receiving her first Visits, with the Order of her Equipage on her appearing in Publick. Which Discourse having taken up some Time, Madam *De Bassonville* having her Thoughts full of what related to her particular Interest, and being sensible *Mademoiselle's* Woman must have seen *De Aviline*; beginning the Discourse with a Smile, said, *De Aviline* has been with me, and is almost distracted at your refusing to see him. On which *Mademoiselle La Mode* assuming a grave Air, reply'd; Tho' I might think *Monsieur De Aviline* worthy the *Count Du Main's* Sister with a slender Fortune, yet certainly he can't have so mean an Opinion of my Understanding, to imagine I know so little what to do with sixty thousand Crowns a Year, as to bestow it on a Commoner. Tho' the Widow was perfectly acquainted with the World, yet she could not help being a little-surprized. However, recovering herself, she join'd in her Sentiments; telling her, that

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that now her Alliance would be courted by the chief Nobility, and esteem'd a Condescension on whomsoever she bestow'd herself. And then, after a little Pause, she added, When first I heard of your Brother's Death, I thought if you had not had such an Aversion to *De Amie*, it would be the most advantageous Match that *France* at present affords. As to my Aversion, or Love, answered *La Mode*, I shall very little consult either, in what relates to my Marriage; being resolved to secure enough of my Fortune independent of my Husband, to give myself any Pain about his Actions, or him much Power over mine.

IT growing late, and Madam *De Bassonville* having heard enough from that Lady, to judge in what Manner she would proceed, took her Leave. She had the whole Night to reflect, before she could resolve what to say to *Mecænas* to keep her Integrity unsuspected, and yet in this Affair act according to her Interest.

THE next Morning she was scarce awake, before the *Minister*, and his Son, with the perplext Lover, were at her Levee. *Mecænas* was perfectly gay, said a thousand Things to the fair *Widow* on her own Charms, withal how liberal Nature had been

to the whole Family, in bestowing on them her choicest Perfections; but when he mentioned *Amiana*, the extravagant Rapture, with which he dwelt on her Charms, made the penetrating *Widow* soon judge what Influence this bright Star would have on that great *Politician*. *De Amie*, in his grave Manner, join'd with his Father in this complaisant Conversation; whilst *De Aviline*, with the tormenting Anxieties of Hopes and Fears, waited to hear (by a few Words in private) from that Lady his Destiny. But she, being perfectly skill'd in the Art of prying into the Foibles of her Acquaintance, knew also how to raise their Hopes and Fears to her own Advantage, and would not suffer him to be wholly abandoned to Despair. Tho' she omitted telling nothing of what *Madam La Mode* had said concerning him, yet added, Her Opinion was, if he could command his Resentment, by an affected Neglect, it might perhaps pique her Pride to such a Degree, as to cause her to make some Advances to call back his Love. In this Advice she had a double View, if it succeeded; she having a good Opinion of *De Aviline's* Gratitude, besides perplexing *Mecenas's* Proposal.

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BUT the Hopes she had flattered herself with concerning *De Amie's* Passion for her Daughter, made her not so particular, in her Observation on *Mademoiselle La Mode's* Change of Sentiments with her Fortune to *Mecænas*. But whatever Schemes that Lady had formed, the Foundation on which she built was already destroyed by an Accident, which only *Madam Fortune* had a Hand in. Which before I mention, to give the Reader an Idea of, I must say something of the Character of *De Amie*.

HE is tall; has a graceful Person, with manly regular Features; fierce in his Resentments; violent in his Love or Hate. As he is obliged for an unbounded Fortune to the Ingenuity of his Father, he had seldom given himself the Trouble of a Thought, but what related either to his Amusement or Studies. From a valuable *Tutor* he had received, and had impressed in him, Notions of Honour strictly severe, which joined with the Affection of a Father, created in *Mecænas* a Respect for him, mixt with a Self-Conviction, that he had not so exactly trod the severe Paths of Virtue, as his Son seem'd to design. But tho' *De Amie's* Virtues were really worthy Admiration, yet he having been bred amidst
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the prosperous Affluence of Fortune, and every one careſſing the Heir of *Mecænas* with the extremeſt Flattery, it gave him an innate Pride and Poſitivenefs, that was not to be oppoſed; which Stiffneſs cauſed him ſeldom to be in Company that did not bow to his, or *Mecænas*'s Greatneſs, and by Conſequence with an intereſted Complaiſance in all Things yield up their own to his Opinion. Madam *De Baſſenville* ſoon diſcerning this Foible in the young *Peer*, gain'd a perfect Aſcendant over him, by taking care all her Sentiments ſhould be agreeable to his; and whenever *Mecænas* would rally him on his pedant Notions of Honour, ſhe would ſtill, with an obliging Warmth, ſide with *De Amie*. This created in him the ſincereſt Friendſhip both to her and her Family; and wanting that Diſcernment which only Miſfortunes and Struggling with Difficulties can teach, he oftner beſtow'd his valuable Friendſhip on diſſembled, than real Virtue.

THE Beauty of *Flavia*, and her agreeable Turns of ſprightly Wit, ſoon made Impreſſions on his Heart, which was very ſuſceptible of amorous Fires. The ſubtle Favorite having inſtructed her to behave to him, with an obliging Modeſty, and

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reserved Innocence, she had gained so great an Ascendant over him, that he began to esteem and love her, with a Tenderness equal to the ambitious Mother's Desire.

WHEN one Evening it happen'd unfortunately (as Fortune on all Occasions will show her fickle Power) as she was taking out her Handkerchief, she drop'd a Letter, which *De Amie* took up with a Design to give it back; but seeing a Man's Hand, he had the Curiosity to open it; where he found the following Words:

Beautifly to Flavia:

MAY I be annihilated within the Space of two Hours, if I did not feel the Torments of a racked Criminal, all the while you played at the Countess De Plumb's! Your Luck was so transcendently bad, that for the future I shall hate that fickle Gipsy Fortune and all her Whims. As the inclosed Bill will redress your ill Luck, without acquainting your Mamma, so I hope it will restore you to the dear Gaiety of your native Temper, which was last Night a little ruffled with your ill Luck.

I have deferred the Pleasure of seeing you 'till the Masquerade, instead of this Evening at the Play; because I think our Happiness will

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will be vastly heightened : It being impossible, at those foolish Shows, to have any Conversation ; and it is dull to hear a tedious Repetition of imaginary, while my eager Passion wants to entertain thy listening Soul with a Flame more violent, than the flegmatick Poet can have an Idea of amidst his antiquated Morals.

'Till that happy Moment arrives, in which I shall see you at the Masquerade, your fond Slave bids the matchless Flavia Adieu. Sure the Deities of Love and Pleasure, in Compassion to Humanity, inspired Mortals with the glorious, the transcendent Thought of Masquerade. Here Hypocrites and every Disguise loses its Force. Nature is the only Dictator, and the Soul, without Reserve, gives a Loose to each thrilling Joy.--- How I long and wish the happy Moment come, where I may with Freedom tell the brightest of her Sex my Excess of Love,--- my eager Wishes,-- the extatick Rapture of my raging, burning Soul!--- My throbbing Heart beats and exults at the bare Thought of the Bliss, which only the unparallel'd Flavia can impart to her

Ever passionate,

Ever adoring,

BEAUFLY.

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In the Habit of an Harlequin you'll find your faithful Admirer.

De Amie was so surprized at reading a Letter address'd to *Flavia* in this Language, that for some Time he was perfectly insensible. But, as soon as he had a little recovered his Amazement, with Indignation, he said, Is it possible that *Flavia* should be so indiscreet, to run such Hazards at Play; so mercenary to be courted by Bribes, and have so little Regard either to Modesty or Virtue, as to receive a Letter in this *lewd fustian Stile*? Oh cursed, added he, be that pernicious, vile Inclination to Gaming! How many, and how various are the Ruins it has brought on Mankind; but more particularly on that easy, unguarded *Sex*! But how continued he, have I been deceived; and where is now the Aversion she used to express to Masquerades? Or where are now those modest Looks, those innocent Blushes, when I but gently press'd her Hand? And then again, Love returning by Fits, he fancied by some Artifice the Letter might be put into her Pocket; else sure (would he say to himself) she could never wear so vile an Evidence of her Shame so near her. Restless he spent the Night, and painful
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was the Conflict between his Love and this plain Conviction. Yet still the first Impression of her Charms inclining him to favour her, he thought, perhaps *Beauſty*, perceiving *Flavia* extremely vexed at her ill Luck, from his own natural Confidence writ her that ridiculous Letter, which ſhe might be ſo far from encouraging, that Shame to publiſh ſuch an Affront hindred her from reſenting it as ſhe ought.

THIS Uncertainty what to think, made him reſolve to be convinced, before he intirely baniſhed that too agreeable Lady from his Heart. Accordingly the next Day he roſe early, and putting on a Riding-Suit, he went to Madam *De Baſſonville*, to tell them he intended to go out of Town for 3 Days, taking his Leave as going that Inſtant to mount his Horſe. This he did, that *Flavia* might be under no Reſtraint, through Fear of him, but with Freedom act according to her Inclination. Moſt Part of the Day was taken up in contriving how to manage this Deſign; and after he had compleatly dreſs'd himſelf like a Woman of Quality, he threw over it a *Domine*, and when the Maſque began, went thither: Where he had not been long before his Rival made his Appearance,

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pearance; the jealous Lover soon discovering him from his other Brother *Harlequins*, by a particular Hitch in his Walk. Neither his Limbs, nor Shape being so regularly form'd, but most that view'd him thought a looser Dress would with more Advantage set off his Shape.

I SHALL not pretend to entertain the Reader with a Relation of all the serious Reflection *De Amie* made on the contemptible Figure of his Rival, or the Inconstancy of the Sex, their Folly, their generally ill-judging Love, because it never came to my Knowledge, and I am not in a Humour to form Reflections.

BUT certain it is, that *Beaufly* had not been ten Minutes there, before *De Amie* accosted him in the Language, and used the insinuating Arts of those Females that make a Maintenance of their Persons. At first, the *Beau* shunned him with Scorn; but the other still pursuing him, as extremely charmed with his Air, and at other attracting Graces, by Degrees the *Beau* relenting, as touch'd with Compassion the unknown Lady's extraordinary Passion, he told her, He could not now continue a Conversation with her, because he was engaged to meet a Maid of Quality; and that
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the poor Thing being passionately fond of him, she had sent that Morning to let him know she would be there; adding, it would be a Sort of Cruelty to disappoint her: Yet to show he was not inflexible to *De Amie's* pretended violent Passion, he tore off a Direction from one of his Letters, and gave it to *De Amie* with Permission to write to him.

THE Instant he had done this, a Lady in a *Turkish* Habit entering, *Beausſy* preſſing the feign'd *Inamoretta* by the Hand, with an affected Sigh bid her Adieu, and immediately went to the other, whom *De Amie*, by her Air and every Motion, knew to be *Flavia*. Yet he would not depart the Place 'till confirmed by her Voice, which with Difficulty he got near enough to diſtinguiſh; and preſſing cloſe behind them, heard the Lover preſs the Fair one to retire to ſome private Houſe, in the following broken Sentences: That doubtleſs ſhe muſt be fatigued, diſpirited, he knew by her Voice — *Tockay, Cyprus* or --- *Champaign Wine* --- he knew a particular Friend -- be ſtill maſqu'd --- a Bit of Something elegant to eat --- her Honour ſafe as the cloiſtered *Nun*---. To confirm which, ſeveral ſtrained Imprecations followed, mix'd with Vows of violent

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violent constant Love. Then seizing her Hand, he talk'd of thrilling Extasies, --- Joys, --- dissolving Pleasures: --- When still to his greater Amazement, he perceived *Flavia* each Moment yielding to his Importunity, with very little Reluctance: She was gay, talk'd, laughed, and every Denial grew more faint than the preceding one. She insisted on the Danger, talked a little of her Virtue, but more what Hazards her Reputation run. --- But the importunate *Beausfly* soon conquering those Difficulties, with an undaunted Bravery led her triumphantly out, in that half-resisting, complying Manner, that gives the Lover certain Hopes of a complete Bliss.

THIS last, this full Completion of her Folly, so enraged *De Amie*, he resolved that Moment to overtake them, and make *Flavia* sensible he had detected her. But, in this Transport hastily pressing forward, a Lady happening to be too near him, the violent Motion of his Hoop threw her down with such Force, he had reason to believe she was hurt. She fell so directly before him, it was impossible to pass on, without going over her; this obliged him to stop and take her up: And at that Moment the Lovers quitting the Place, left him

him without Hope of overtaking them. At the same time the Lady leaning on him, said her Knee was so extremely hurt; she could scarce stand; and begging his Assistance to the next Seat, it was impossible for him to refuse so small a Request, as an Atonement for the Injury; tho' in that Moment he had rather have followed the Dictates of his Rage. Which now perceiving impossible, and reflecting, even as he led the Lady, *Flavia* deserved only to be despised:

IN the mean while, the Lady, who took him for one of her own Sex, and imagined the Concern he expressed for the Injury he had done, was owing to Compassion and obliging Sweetness in her Temper, she returned *De Amie's* Complaisance with a Freedom that soon led them to a particular Conversation. The Unknown spoke in a Voice *De Amie* thought himself no Stranger to; tho' a violent Cold, join'd with the holding her Vizard in her Mouth, made it impossible for him to recollect. The Masquerade being the first Subject they entered on, the Lady asked *De Amie*, if he did not think there were Amusements infinitely more agreeable, which were despised because they were not the present Taste of

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the polite Age. To which *De Amie*, whose Sentiments were graver than usual for one of his Years, replied, He had too seldom visited them, to have any Idea of that extravagant Delight, which at present had so bewitching an Influence on each Sex, of every Age. Indeed, said the Lady, when Curiosity first drew me here, I own I was pleas'd with the Magnificence of the Apartments, the Paintings, numberless Lights, and various Habits, which make an agreeable Confusion; and imagined in the *Judge*, the *Scaramouch*, *Indian King*, or *Mountebank*, a Conversation suitable to their Appearance; when, to my Surprise, I found, most who were not engaged in Parties, tho' of various Sorts, so low, so insipid, yet so ridiculously conceited, that I think it would be for their Advantage, to continue all their Lives in Masquerade. Madam, replied *De Amie*, 'tis owing to the Concourse of the Inferior World that are fond of flocking hither, and imagine by that Means, they may converse with those of the first Rank. Here you see them sauntering up and down, to learn polite Airs, (as they call it); and according to the Richness of the Habits, swear they have entertain'd a Dutchess, or been entertain'd by
some

some distinguished Man of Quality : Whilst, added he, the Great Person has too little Time amidst his Friends, from the various Pleasures of the Day, to be long amused with this *Chit-Chat*. And you see, continued the grave *De Amie*, pointing to the Gaming-Tables, those who have avaritious Desires are employing their Hours in the Hopes of winning mighty Treasures, tho' it is probable ere to Morrow they will feel a real Despair. Indeed the Lovers, pursued he, whose Flames have not only raised, but still support this famous Dome, generally take care to fix their before-sprung Game, the Fear of Husbands, Guardians, Parents, and Reputation being banished; whilst unguarded they give a Loose to amorous Wishes, and every wild Desire. You have, said the Unknown interrupting him, made the Place dreadful to me, which, before I was angry with myself for want of that discerning Delicacy in Pleasures, I found so delightful to most of my Acquaintance; and indeed, added she, so little are these Sort of Amusements agreeable to me, it was with Reluctance I accompanied some Friends hither. Perhaps, said *De Amie*, (with an Air the Unknown began to think particu-

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lar from her own Sex) you left more engaging Company at home, which makes all Things seem insipid here.— I never, replied the Lady, found that particular Tenderneſs yet for any one of my Acquaintance, as to make the reſt diſagreeable to me: Not but I love;— and can diſtinguiſh the Good Senſe, and Virtue, and pleaſing Converſation of ſome above others. Ah! (cried *De Amie*) that is not the Converſation, that is able to charm and pleaſe to ſuch *Exceſs* as to make Abſence painful. I believe, answered the Unknown, only Lovers are acquainted with that Fondneſs which cauſes ſuch Extremes; and I, being entirely a Stranger to that Paſſion, can have no Idea of its Power. Is it poſſible, ſaid *De Amie*, you alone ſhould be free from a Paſſion, that is as certain as Death, only with this Difference, it generally ſeizes both Sexes at ſuch an Age? I am, and would continue ſtill a Stranger to it, replied the Lady, (at the ſame time riſing, as not very well pleaſed with ſo particular a Diſcourſe with one ſo little known to her) when *De Amie*, who perceived he had forgot to act with the Effeminacy of his Habit, gently ſtopping the Lady, ſaid, I beg, Madam, you would pardon the Freedom with which I would
ask

ask a few Questions concerning the Sentiments of your Heart ; but let it be without Reserve : And since, pursued he, we are, and perhaps may continue Strangers to each other, the Favour may be more easily complied with. At which perceiving the Unknown stand silent, and look on him with Amazement, he renewed his Intreaties, by telling her how much he suffered, at that very Instant, from the Inconstancy of a Lover, whose Falshood he had, the Moment before he spoke to her, detected. He represented his Uneasiness in so pathetick a Manner, and beg'd, if it were not a Misfortune, the whole Sex were incident to, she would instruct him how to moderate his Pain ; and still, amidst his Intreaties, beg'd she would without Disguise acquaint him with the real Inclinations of her Heart. The Lady, who by this time had discover'd him by his Voice, replied, Perhaps, the pleasing Form, the agreeable Caresses, of your Lover, won too much on you, and only charmed your Senses, without once considering the real Virtues, that ought to have gained your Esteem, before you had suffered your Heart to be too deeply seized by personal Charms. And how do you, cried *De Amie*, contrive to guard your
Heart

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Heart against *Charms* so potent, where each Look and Word so forcibly conveys itself into the Soul, that it leaves the Will without Power to resist? It is useless to prescribe a Remedy, replied the Lady, when the Patient will not take it. Yet it's easie to reflect, a Passion your Reason can't in some Degree approve, the same Reason ought to cure. Reason, replied *De Amie*, or rather Resentment, has so far prevailed, that I will for ever banish the False one from my Heart: But 'tis, continued he, from you I would learn to recall that Composure of Mind I was blest with before I saw this Deceiver. From me would you learn? (answered the Unknown, in an Air different from her former) Alas! what can I teach you? Perhaps my Heart, like yours, feels all the Uneasiness that a despairing, yet violent Love can endure; with this Difference, yours is false, mine insensible. Besides a thousand Charms, a thousand inexpressible Graces that adorn his Person, I doat on, nay adore his fine Sense, his just, his noble Sentiments of Honour. 'Tis true, you had no Merit to plead an Excuse in your Choice, and I have not one Hope to feed my despairing Flame. Female Modesty forces me each Hour to disguise an aking Heart with

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with serene Looks; and yet, added she, Reason shall eternally have so great, so irresistible a Power on each Action and Look of mine, he shall never know who I am, tho' I tell you, the only Person on Earth I wish should esteem me, is *De Amie*.—

THE Moment she pronounced the last Word, she fled from him, with such Swift-ness, and mingled with the Crowd, he lost the Sight of her, before he could even think she was gone. The Surprize he was in for some Time, fix'd him to the Place; and tho' he had a confused Idea of her Voice, yet her Cold, the Vizard, with the Care, (he was sensible she took to disguise it) made it impossible for him to recollect. It is easie to imagine she had talked in too tender a Manner of *De Amie*, not to make him extremely desirous to know who she was. But after he had searched the Place with the utmost Care, he had reason to believe she quitted it the Moment she left him.

BEING too full of what had already happened, to seek new Adventures, he retired to reflect on the past. Tis not to be thought, how much the Conversation with the *unknown Lady* alleviated the Vexation he suffered by *Flavia's* Falshood; sometimes he

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he imagined it only a gay Humour in the Lady, to let him see she knew him. But then, again, he thought it was spoke with too serious an Air, not to have some Truth in it. He visited most of the Ladies he had a Notion had the least Regard for him, but with all his Skill, he could not tell where to fix it. It is certain, this Conversation with the Lady had such an Influence on him, that now, having broke *Flavia's* Chains, he would have bestowed an entire Heart on the *fair Unknown*. Tho' he had gone through the tedious Difficulties of *Billet Douxes*, setting Spies, Bribing, private Negotiators, as well as publick Ambassadors; but the Inchanter remaining still invisible, and Madam *De Bassonville's* House having lost its wonted Attractions, he left the Town for some Time.

ON his Return, he seldom visited there, 'till the Charms of *Amiana* made him sensible, it was impossible to live and not love: *Mecænas* too found, in spite of his declining Age, the Power of that Lady's Beauty. From the Moment he first saw her, he was perpetually at Madam *De Bassonville's*; but when the urgent Affairs of State obliged his Absence, it was diverting to see what an Influence this Fair one had on the amorous Politician,

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Politician; his fine Schemes, contriving Wit, and flowing Eloquence, he found of little Use, oppos'd to the Charms of *Amiana*.

HERE, a Moralist might have had large room for Contemplation, had he seen the grave, haughty *Mecænas*, on whose Wisdom and Care a mighty Nation depended, and whose Smiles, or Frowns, had raised, or ruined, many valuable Families; now with obsequious Care watching each Look, or Motion of that fair Insensible: Nay, what gay, what affected sprightly Airs, did he not put on to charm *Amiana*? who was so little moved with them, that it was with Difficulty she constrained herself to treat him with the Respect due to his high Rank. He had the best Singers, and Masters in Musick, brought to Madam *De Bassonville* to entertain her, and still contrived a Round of Pleasures to pass away the Hours, between the Widow's, and one of his Country Seats, that was nigh the Court: Tho' at the same Time, he let Madam *De Bassonville* understand, he had no Mind she should be carried yet to Court; which he said she might easily defer 'till she was out of her first Mourning. To which that Lady complied; she being so far from feeling any envious Pangs, at the Power of her

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young Cousin, that secretly she was glad she had still so good an Opportunity, to improve her Interest with that Great Man, by which means she was intent to enlarge her Fortune.

YET, however passive the subtle Favourite might be concerning the *Father*, the Passion *De Amie* discovered for *Amiana* made very different Impressions on her. For tho' she had observed, before this Fair one arrived, a cold or rather scornful Neglect in his Behaviour to *Flavia*; yet the Regard he paid the other, she thought such an Insult to *Flavia*, that it stung her to the Soul, creating an extreme Resentment against *De Amie*: That now she resolves to work up *Mademoiselle La Mode* to accept *Mecænas's* Offer, not doubting but by that means, she should be fully revenged on him for the Affront to her favourite Daughter.

NOR did *Flavia* see the Triumphs of her Rival's Charms with less Indignation. For tho' the many Hours she had since past with *Beaufly*, in some Degrees had lessened the Vexation of being neglected; yet it had made *Amiana's* Beauties so deadly to her, that no Degree of Resentment is able to set forth her implacable Malice to that Lady;

Lady ; who with a Discernment superior seemed equally unmoved, at all the various Arts, that Love, or Hate, could contrive against her.

IT is true, tho' naturally she was gay, and of an aspiring Temper, yet it was mix'd with so extreme a Reserve, and Diffidence of herself, as made it impossible to penetrate the close Recesses of her Breast. Her natural Timidity being increased amongst Strangers, she only returned *Madam De Bassonville's* indearing Caresses with an obliging Complaisance, which left her still so great a Stranger to her Sentiments, as made that subtle Lady often to imagine, the easy Charms of her Behaviour were rather owing to a sprightly Disposition than any great Depth of Understanding. *Charlot*, of all the Family, was the only Person she conversed with without Reserve, there being mingled in the obliging Conversation, and sweet Disposition of that Lady, an Air of engaging Sincerity, that soon made *Amiana* her Friend. The fair Stranger having observed, on many Occasions she concealed from *Madam De Bassonville* her Opinion of several Persons that visited there, not excepting *Mecænas* ; she began with more Freedom to disclose her Mind to that ami-

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able Friend. One Day, as *Charlot* was rallying her about *Mecænas*, and perceiving she received it with an Air that showed she was vexed, with the Importunities of this Statesman, much rather than elated with the Vanity of such a Conquest; *Charlot*, continuing the Discourse, said, Methinks, tho' the Father has not much to engage but his Power, the Son wants no Perfections, no Charms, to attract the most valuable Heart our Sex can be Mistress of; and if I can judge, who have known him from his Infancy, he has a thousand Virtues to make him worthy of you; which makes me wonder, pursued she, how you guard your Heart against that too agreeable Lover. I own, answered *Amiana*, I think he deserves more to be esteemed, than most of the gay World that visit here, because I believe he is as little tainted with their Vices as Airs; yet tho', pursued she, I have pass'd my Life many distant Miles from the polite Influence of a Court, I cannot help thinking there is to be found an Air, a Delicacy of Genius, and an inimitable Turn of Thought, which I have been so far from discovering in *De Amie*, that even amidst the Variety that visits your agreeable Mother, I have seen but few

Sparks

Sparks of that enchanting Wit I have sometimes been blest'd with in a little Village. She ended the Words with a Look so serious, it caused *Charlot* to view her some Moments with surprize; and as we are apt to judge of others by the Passions most predominant in ourselves, she easily imagin'd those Perfections, which by her were only to be found in the Country, could be owing to nothing less than some happy Lover, who had too secure Possession of her Heart for ought to change: And renewing the Discourse, she said, My Wonder now ceases; I am not longer at a Loss to find a Reason for your Insensibility to Mankind, since you own, you have known a Person who has Merits superior to *De Amie's*. I hope, answered *Amiana* gaily, if I own with Sincerity, that, prepossessed with more powerful Charms, I am blind to his Excellencies, you'll with the same Freedom confess you feel something within, that makes all Mankind trifling compared to him.

THE Blushes that covered poor *Charlot*, before the other had uttered the last Words, made *Amiana* repent the unthinking Freedom with which she spoke them, tho' convincing her, she had hit undesignedly on an ill-natur'd Truth. While *Charlot*,
with

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with the utmost Confusion in her Looks, replied, I cannot deny, if I were Mistress of your Charms to engage *De Amie's* Heart, I am afraid it would not be in my Power to return it with the same Insensibility. Neither Love or Hate, (replied the soothing Friend) are in our Power, and the most exalted Height our Virtue can reach, is (not a calm Insensibility) but to try, with the utmost Efforts of our Reason, to repel the pernicious Passion that destroy our Peace, and still to study, with the strongest Guard that Prudence can keep, not to expose our Weakness. But (replied the unhappy *Charlot*, in a faltering Voice,) did you know, how severe a Task 'tis in reality to perform what a short Lesson can teach, you would be soon convinced, that to love, as I do, is to be very miserable.

ON this, the two Ladies entering into a serious Conversation, about that Passion whose Power they both were no Strangers to, with that Freedom which mutual Friendship creates, *Charlot*, in the following Words, made *Amiana* acquainted with the Uneasiness she had sustained, in striving to suppress a hopeless Love.

THE Friendship *Mecænas* has always been generously pleased to show my Mother,
created

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created a particular Intimacy between *De Amie* and us, from our Infancy. My Brother and he went through all the Exercises of their Learning together, and he was seldom from our House: But tho' I was an Infant when he was almost a Man, yet he seem'd to take a Pleasure in amusing himself with my childish Actions, and would often entertain the Company with his Opinion, I should increase in Charms as I grew to be a Woman. On every Occasion, when my Sister and I would have little Disputes, he generally took my Part, with several Expressions, how much more my Temper ought to be liked than hers. These trifling Caresses had so great an Influence on me, even in my Childhood, that I loved him with a far greater Fondness than I felt for my Brother. As I grew, his increased; and at last, he being about twenty, tho' at that Time I was not above fourteen, his Father having determined he and my Brother should travel, when he took his Leave of me, it was with an Air of Tenderness far surpassing the Endearments of Friendship. The deepest Concern was in his Looks, when pressing me by the Hand earnestly, he said. *Lovely Charlot*, in those few Years we shall be separated from each other,
your

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your Charms will arrive at their full Lustre, and, doubtless, create numberless Lovers; yet remember, while *De Amie* has a Being, you do not bestow your Heart on one less worthy than he is of it. These Words, tho' now by him forgotten, were the Source of all my Miseries: How many, cried that afflicted Fair, are the restless Nights, and wearisom Days they have cost me! In that Moment they made so great an Impression on me, that I believe each Character of the Words is writ on my Heart, never to be rased, till Death destroy this wretched Frame. By me you see, pursued she, how early the Follies of Vanity undo most of us; for I, imagining this slight Compliment flowed from a Heart full of a peculiar Friendship believed neither Time, Absence, nor the Power of any present Beauty could drive *Charlot* from *De Amie's* Heart. In these dangerous, but pleasing Thoughts, two Years past away; in every Letter he wrote to my Mother, I was mentioned in a particular Manner, which even she with a fond Indulgence took care to repeat to me: But alas! at sixteen, when others begin to feel the delightful Effects of their Charms, the Small-Pox robbed me of the little Stock I had.

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had. You see, what violent Marks its Rage has left on my Face; with much Difficulty they saved my Life. Here, (interrupting her Story) she said, Would to Heaven I had died, or, at least, when I had lost all that could attract *De Amie*, I had too lost all Desire to please him, and from that Moment his Love, or Hate, had been indifferent to me! I will not trouble you with a tedious Repetition of the Afflictions I sustained on this Occasion; the Neglect and Discontent, my Mother hourly expressed at the Change I had suffered by this cruel Disease, stung me to the Heart; the Looking-Glass, too, gave me terrible Alarms on *De Amie's* Score.

EVERY Visit I made after my Recovery, added to my Afflictions; the general Amazement of all that knew me, but confirm'd my Grief. Yet what vex'd me most, was the ill-natur'd Pleasure I found several of my Acquaintance discovered amidst their Condolements. But still I had the Courage not to sink under the Malice of my Fortune, till *De Amie's* Return, which was about seven Months after my Recovery. 'Tis impossible to describe what Emotion my Heart felt, on hearing he was entered the House: I had not Courage to stay, but went into the next Room, where I had the

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Pleasure, the first Compliments past, to hear him inquire for me, with an Air of Impatience; on which I came out to him. But the Amazement and shocking Concern he expressed, to see so severe an Alteration in me, that Moment banished from me every Hope; it was then I began to feel the poignant Pain of Despair: But how shall I describe to you the Increase of her tormenting Ills; when each Day I perceived all his former engaging Fondness for me, transferred to my Sister? My Mother too, by a thousand insinuating Commendations, did all she could to blow up his Flame for *Flavia*.

I SHALL, added she, spare to mention the many Insults I daily suffered from *Flavia* on this Occasion, who, triumphing in her Charms' Success, in every ill-natured Fit made my Misfortunes her Diversion. In the Midst of these Torments, I had not one Friend, or friendly Hope to console me; all I could do was to retire, and, alone, give a Loose to my Sorrows by a Flood of Tears. And the only Use I could make of the little Reason, as well as Pride, I was Mistress of, was to conceal, as much as possible, the Anxieties of my Mind: Not but I am sensible, my Afflictions will never cease, but in the Grave. It would be tedious

dious to tell you, pursued she, how often I have determined to conquer this Folly, and how many the Struggles have been. But tho' I saw myself neglected each Moment by *De Amie*, yet he appears not the less charming; it being certain, said the afflicted *Charlot*, in spite of my Partiality, no one can justify their Folly, more than myself, if a thousand enchanting Virtues, peculiar to him, are capable to attract the Heart beyond a cold Admiration. I cannot (said *Amiana* interrupting) join in your Opinion he can be a Person of such nice Honour. Since he once loved *Flavia*, there is a Meanness in his unsteady Temper; and we ought to despise a Heart, that, like sickly Apperites, knows not what will please it: That Reason is as defective as the Health, that catches at every new Beauty. They like without Judgment, and by consequence cannot be long charm'd with any Thing. Tho', replied *Charlot*, your superiour Merit might justify his Change, yet I am certain, his Inconstancy to *Flavia* is owing to an ill Impression of her Virtue, (which an Accident let me into) that I know, it was with Pain he resolved to forget her: Here she related to *Amiana* all that past between her and *De Amie*, at the

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Masquerade, (the Unknown being no other than *Charlot.*) She informed that lovely Friend, she discovered him by his Voice, and was certain the Reason he did not know her, was owing to such a violent Cold, as she could only speak by Whispers. She conceal'd no Part of the Conversation, with the Amaze she believed she put him in, when at the same Instant her Friends by a Sign let her know they were going. In this Conversation, (pursued she) he complained, he had been deceived by a false one: Rage, and Love, by Turns possess'd him, yet Resentment seem'd to promise the Victory, which, join'd with the cold Manner he has since treated *Flavia*, convinces me some imagined, or real Falshood of hers, has made him neglect her: Nay I have now this pleasing Advantage above her; I am certain I have a large Share of his Esteem, whilst all his Actions betray a severe Contempt for her: But, said *Amiana*, how does your Sister seem to take this Usage? With an Indignation, reply'd the other, that shows her Pride more than her Heart concerned in his Loss, her Revenge having work'd my Mother up to make him either very unhappy, or else draw his Father's Displeasure on him.

AMIANA

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AMIANA expressing a Curiosity to know their Designs against *De Amie*, *Charlot* informed her how solicitous *Mecænas* was to marry his Son to *Mademoiselle La Mode*; that this Morning she had heard her Mother tell *Flavia*, with an exulting Joy, she had brought her to such a Compliance, as to propose several Articles, which if *Mecænas* approved, it would doubtless be a Match, or *De Amie* by refusing would eternally disoblige his Father; which (pursued she) I know must every Way torment him; for beside the Regard he has for you, there is not a Person he likes less than *Mademoiselle La Mode* in the World. I leave you to judge, added *Charlot*, what I feel amidst these Changes, without one Hope to support me. No sooner did I see him disengaged from *Flavia's* fatal Chain, but your more powerful ones seized him; and now my Heart has some Ease to find he can meet with no Return. A cruel Mother must be contriving with a severe Father, to force him to a Marriage that will make him as miserable as myself. But what is it to me, added she, whom he loves or marries? every way Despair must be my Portion: For tho' he should rove for ever from Beauty to Beauty, still would he fly
my

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my blasted Charms. Here she stop'd; a Flood of Tears interrupting her Speech. *Amiana*, in the most obliging Manner joining in her Grief, gave a thousand tender Assurances that *De Amie's* Passion should meet with no Encouragement from her; which she mingled with several soothing Insinuations, a white Moment might come, and his first Regard to her awaken, with such Increase as to compleat her Happiness. *Charlot* listened to this Discourse with a Pleasure, which showed how ready she was to be deceived by any flattering Hopes; and was contriving with her agreeable Friend, how to hinder the Marriage with *Mademoiselle La Mode*; when of a sudden she observed *Amiana's* Eyes fix'd on a Picture which lay in *Charlot's* Dressing-Box. She seemed so intent, tho' the other spoke to her two or three Times, she did not hear her. After she had viewed it a considerable Time, with an earnest Air, she ask'd *Charlot*, whose Picture it was; but the other replying it is my Brother's, she laid it down negligently, saying she thought it had been the Picture of a Person she knew, and perhaps, added she, it more resembles him, than it does your Brother. I know not that, replied *Charlot*; but it's thought to be most like

like him of any he ever sat for: The Gaity of his Eyes, with the agreeable Smile that plays about his Mouth, and seems to diffuse a Sweetness through every Feature, was never before hit by any Painter that drew him. Ah! said the other, with a Sigh, it was that Look, you speak of, made me think I knew the Original. But no such good Fortune, pursued she, is to attend me; I am to be wretched beyond any Parallel that can be made of my Misfortune, but such as a racked Imagination has sometimes invented, to show what a Height human Misery may arrive at. By her Looks *Charlot* expressing her Astonishment, to see *Amiana* so disordered, that Lady, pursuing the Discourse, said, I believe by the Surprise that appears in your Looks, you think Love has only made you unhappy: And that I have heard you tell, how much you suffer by a Passion, I am a Stranger to. But, continued she, when you know the Story of my uncommon Folly, you'll own your Misfortunes many Degrees inferior to mine.

THESE Words giving *Charlot* Opportunity to let *Amiana* know, how desirous she was to be acquainted with those Transactions of her Life which had made her so unhappy;

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nity to let *Amiana* know, how desirous she
was to be acquainted with those Transacti-
ons of her Life which had made her so un-
happy;

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happy; the other replied to her Request in the following Words.

YOU know, both my Parents dying in my Infancy, I was left to the Care of my Grandmother. The Fondness that Lady had for me, caused me not to regret their Loss by any Misfortune I sustain'd by their Death. Her Tendernefs equalling, if not surpassing, all I could expect from their paternal Love. Nor can I here pass over in Silence the Care she took of my Education; it was to her admirable Instructions, and excellent Example, I owe all the Sentiments I have of Virtue; nor did she omit the least Thing she imagined requisite towards my Improvement, in the most polite Manner; at the same Time she studied a thousand innocent Amusements to divert me; and so little did she assume the Austerity of a grave Parent, that from my Infancy she made me her Companion: By which means, on every Occasion, with the good Sense she was Mistress of, she exposed to me, the Folly, Affectations, or ridiculous Humours of those that deserved it; and taught me to avoid the like in myself. In which happy State I continued to the Age of Sixteen, my Time employed in those Improvements she thought fit, join'd with
all

all the Diversions a country Life could yield: When a troublesome Law-Suit obliged her to go to a little Estate she had about fifty Miles off; and fearing she should be forced to stay above a Month, she would not take me along with her, imagining I should forget the Language I was then learning; and being intimate with the Daughters of *Monsieur De Alben*, a Gentleman not ten Miles distant from us, she left me there 'till her Return. In which Place I had not passed three Days, when one Evening, as we were dancing with a good deal of Company, two Gentlemen arrived, that had some private Business with *Monsieur De Alben*. We easily perceived, the Coming of these Gentlemen made the Diversions of the Night uneasy to him. He just sat down to Supper; but as soon as it was ended, leaving his Lady to entertain the Company, went to his new Guests. The next Day, he dined in his Chamber, under the Pretence of the Gout; and by this Time, the Company being gone, I, with one of his Daughters, going to see him, he acquainted me, That two Friends having some reasons which obliged them to stay with him, and while they were there, judging it would be to their Prejudice to be known, he was

H

forced

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forced to retire, as indisposed, to keep them Company: At the same Time letting me know, he would be glad, if I would, either with his Lady, or eldest Daughter, help them to pass away a few Hours at Cards. Which I consenting to, the Gentlemen appear'd, and we sat down to play. The youngest of them was so perfectly like your Brother's Picture, that I need not describe him. But, added she, it's not in my Power to give you the least Idea of the Charms of his Conversation. At first he seem'd a little melancholy; but soon recovering the native Gaiety of his Temper, in all he said, or did, there was such a peculiar Air, a Manner so engaging, a Wit, a Genius so uncommon, that I believe, without Partiality, he is unequall'd. For it is impossible to give you the least Notion of his Excellencies, unless you had known *Bellmont* himself. For my Part, pursued *Amiana*, I was so charmed with his Wit, that like the Fable of *Orpheus*, whose Harmony taught Trees and Rocks to move, inspired by his Example, I talk'd and said, I knew not what. Never was Evening past in a Conversation more delightful; and tho' I am sensible, pursued she, there was Abundance of Flattery mingled in his fine insinuated Complaisance,

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fance, yet what he said, flowed from him in so unaffected Manner, one would have imagined, a peculiar Regard inspired him in those Moments.

WHEN we parted to go to Rest, and I was left alone, I did nothing but think of him, with the Transactions of the Day. Yet all I gained by those Thoughts, was, that each Word, Look, and Action of his, by recollecting and comparing him with others, made him still appear with new Graces, and a thousand additional Perfections. Nor could I help flattering myself, by the Respect he paid me, I was not disagreeable to him. But those pleasing Thoughts were soon changed, with the Fear it might proceed from a complaisant Disposition; it being impossible, for a Person of his Sense, to see any Thing in a country Girl, worthy his Regard. But tho' this Reflexion gave me a great deal of Pain, yet it helped me to guard my Heart, or at least to confine my Words and Actions to so strict a Reserve, as not to let him think I could easily be led into a Belief, it was in my Power to inspire him, or any other, with a Passion I treated with Scorn: Which Resolution I exactly observed. Tho' I was perfectly easy, and treated him with

Freedom; but when he ever entertain'd me seriously on that Subject, I either avoided him, or turned it into Ridicule.

THUS, for above a Fortnight, we pass'd the Time: When one Night, in the hottest Season of the Year, finding it impossible to sleep, and perceiving the Day began to break, I slipped on my Night-gown, and went into the Garden, with a Design to cool myself. When turning to the nearest Walk that led to a green Arbour, hearing some People talking, I went aside to pass, unseen by them, toward the back Part of the Arbour. But when I came there, perceiving it was *Bellmont* and his Friend, I own, on hearing my Name mention'd, I could not help staying, and listening to their Discourse. The first I heard, was the Friend asking the other, if I had any Fortune independent of *Madam De Bueville* my Grandmother. To which *Bellmont* replied, Only twenty thousand Crowns, which was her Mother's Fortune; not but, added he, it's thought, *Madam De Bueville* will considerably augment it, either at her Marriage, or at her own Death: Yet for all that, pursued he, it's the Height of Folly for me to imagine it possible she can be a Fortune suitable for my Circumstances, my Estate
being

being too little to support the Figure I am obliged to make; being confident if I ever marry, it will be some worthless Person, that will want every Attraction but that of a Fortune; which, continued he with a Sigh, would not have been so insupportable, had I not seen this lovely Innocent, who has made too great an Impression on me ever to feel a Tendernefs for any other: Nay, methinks, all the restless Desires of Ambition, which used to disturb my Peace, lessen at the Sight of her. The least trifling Look, or Action, of that Lady, diffuses a Pleasure through my Heart, I was a Stranger to before I saw her. 'Tis only, answered his Friend, the warm Emotions of your young Blood, which would soon be cooled by Possession: And take my Word, continued he, what you will feel for a hundred more of the Sex, before you are twenty Years older. I very much doubt that, answered *Bellmont*. I have seen, and liked, nay fancied I have loved before; but now, tho' my Soul is possess'd with such an extreme Fondness for her, that I am restless, and hate the Moments I am from her, yet there is mix'd in my Love so great a Tendernefs, I could as easily resolve to lose my Eyes, as give her the least Pain.
And

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And such, added he, is the Power her Innocence has on me, I would not, even at the Price of Enjoyment, lose that amiable Esteem I have for her. Much more, said she, I heard to the same Purpose, whilst his Friend endeavoured to reason and ridicule him out of his Passion. I leave you to judge what Effect this Discourse had on me, who before was too sensible of his Charms. I, now thinking I was convinced of his Love, entirely abandoned myself to the Folly of that Passion: And tho' I heard him talk of the Smallness of his Estate, and, before I saw *Bellmont*, did not myself want Ambition, yet I could not help thinking a Cottage, with him, a Happiness surpassing the most exalted Grandeur that an absolute Monarch could bestow on me,

BUT it was not long before I was awakened from these pleasing Dreams, to feel Anxieties more terrible than the other were delightful. The first was the Return of Madam *De Bueville*; and tho' I was glad to think I should see that valuable Parent, yet, when I reflected it would separate me from *Bellmont*, the Thought was insupportable; nor was it mitigated by finding in him a Concern superiour to mine. It was on this Occasion, with an Air that appear'd touch'd

touch'd with a real Grief, he let me know, he should be the most unhappy of Men, unless I promised to let him visit me; which, however agreeable to me, I neither directly consented to, nor forbid.

MADAM *De Bueville* having sent the Chariot to fetch me, and I being obliged to go the next Day very early, *Mademoiselle Villarette*, Monsieur *De Alben's* youngest Daughter, telling me she had some private Business with me, when we had took our Leave of the Company to go to Bed, we both went into the Garden. But, Good Heavens! cried *Amiana*, how shall I give you an Idea of my Amazement, when she began to acquaint me, as a great Secret, that *Bellmont* was violently in love with her; and how she had heard from her Father, he was a Gentleman that had a considerable Interest at Court. For which Reason, she thought she ought not to slight such an Offer. And further acquainted me that, that Afternoon, they had agreed in two Days to make me a Visit, with a Design to get Madam *De Bueville's* Chaplain to marry them. It was well for me, added *Amiana*, the Darkness conceal'd the Surprize that must have been in my Looks: For it was with great Difficulty I contain'd myself,

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myself, so far as coldly to answer, I thought it would be very wrong, in an Affair of that Nature, not to follow her Father's Directions. But, in spite of all I could object, finding she still continued in the Resolution, I pretended a sudden Illness, and left her to go to Bed: Where I reflected on all she said; and certainly nothing could equal what I suffered: Rage, Grief, and Love, successively took their Turns to torment me. How did I despise myself, to think I could fall so easy a Prey to a wild Inconsiderate! What dreadful Ideas did I not form of the contemptible Opinion he must needs have of me! I now imagined all the obliging Things he had said to me, was only a severe Ridicule on some strange Folly, or Vanity he had discovered in me. What vex'd me most, amidst these uneasy Reflexions, was, that none of *Monsieur De Alben's* Daughters were esteem'd Mistress of so little Sense, as *Mademoiselle Villarette*; tho' she was generally admired for her Beauty. When I reflected on *Bellmont's* late Discourse in the Garden, I own it staggered me, and I did not well know what to think. When, still to heighten my Vexation, I fancied they had seen me, and fell into that Discourse, to be revenged on me
for

for my indiscreet Curiosity in listening to their Discourse.

IN these distracting Reflexions, I pass'd the Night without closing my Eyes. And all I could resolve, was to appear insensible to *Bellmont* of the Affront. For which Reason I took care the next day, without seeming to design it, to avoid giving him the least Opportunity to enter into a particular Conversation. Tho' I observed he very much endeavoured it, and so artfully did he dissemble, if it were Diffimulation, that I am sure an indifferent Judge would have thought him touch'd with a real Concern. When I had taken leave of the Company, he came to me, and said in a low Voice, I believe I have contrived in less than three Days, to have the Happiness of seeing you again, and hope, when I have acquainted Madam *De Bueville* who I am, she will permit me at least the Honour of visiting you. To which I only replied with a cold Civility, that I believed any Friend of *Monsieur De Alben's* would be very acceptable to Madam *De Bueville*. I stay'd not for his Answer, but went directly into the Chariot.

I SHALL not trouble you with the Change I found in myself, from the Time

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I left that happy Seat, to my Return. And, as they were the first anxious Moments I had ever known, so they were the less to be supported. Madam *De Bueville* took Notice of the Alteration in my Looks, which I was forced to conceal with Excuse of not being well. After two Days had pass'd, in an Uneasiness that is better to be imagined than described, the third, *Mademoiselle Villarette*, with one of her Sisters, and the two Friends, came to visit me. The Sight of her, and *Bellmont* together, fill'd me with such Torments, that I even fancy'd I saw the Priest join their Hands. And, fearing I should expose my Weakness on this Occasion, I beg'd Madam *De Bueville* to say, I was obliged that Day to visit a Friend who was ill; tho' before I could prevail on her to deny me, I was forced to form some plausible Excuse. Yet so little was I Mistress of myself, I almost every Minute repented my not being seen to observe their Behaviour. I was not long in this Perplexity, she being scarce entered the House, before a Messenger from *Monsieur De Alben* came, to inform that fresh Orders were come to the Army to march immediately; which obliged *Bellmont* to take his Leave. Yet before he went, in that short Space, he

wrote

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wrote the following Letter, and prevail'd on my Maid to deliver it to me.

BELLMONT to AMIANA,

THO', to indulge a very strange Piece of ill Nature, you shun the Sight of the wretched Bellmont, yet whilst he has Life, every Thought of Amiana will be dear to him. I have not Time to expostulate what could move you to act in such a cruel Manner, and shall only beg you'll guard your Heart with the same Severity to all Mankind, as you have done to Bellmont, 'till you shall be convinced, he only is capable to love with that respectful Tenderness your Merits deserve.

Your eternally devoted,

Humble Servant,

BELLMONT.

ON reading this I began to think it was acting the Scene too seriously, to be a continued Ridicule. I after took several Occasions to talk with *Mademoiselle Villarette* about him, and found her Expectations he would marry her, grounded on very perilous Hopes. Yet I cannot but think he

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endeavoured to deceive one of us, which equally ought to give me a mean Opinion of him. And such, I own, is my Weakness, that little Acquaintance with him will make me insensible to the rest of the World. For every Word, or Action of his, is so dear to my Memory, that could I but think his Love sincere, it would be a more sublime Happiness but to think of him, than all the various Delights the World, can yield. I received several Letters, fill'd with the most respectful Passion that could be expressed, begging I would vouchsafe an Answer : But tho' I have a hundred times sat down to write one, yet still doubting his Sincerity, joined with Madam *De Bueville's* Illness, I never returned him any.

WHEN, fully to compleat my Unhappiness, after being ill about three Months, I lost that dear Parent. You know it was her Request I should live with your Mother. For which Reason, as soon as my Guardians had settled my Affairs, I came to Town. Tho' as soon as I had a little recovered my Grief, and finding that admirable Lady had left a Fortune beyond my Expectations, I had Thoughts to satisfy my Doubts concerning *Bellmont*; but on Enquiry I found there was no such Person in the Army. On
which,

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which, reflecting all the Letters he sent me, were delivered to my Maid, by the Wife of a Soldier, I judg'd he had too many covered and deceitful Ways for a Person of Honour; which made me resolve to have no Correspondence with him, at least that Way. And tho', pursued she, I would be well pleased to be certain who he is, yet I would not make the least Enquiry of *Monsieur De Alben*, for fear he should guess the Motive that induced me to it.

Y o u see, said *Amiana*, ending her Story, how many various Ways this subtle Passion can imbitter the Joys of Life. You love, hopeless of Return; yet find the Object worthy the-softest Regard. Whilst I forlorn am charm'd, and so dote on one I know not, and am tost in a thousand Fears, I ought rather to hate him. I believe, continued the fair *Amiana*, by this Time, you'll own I am far more unhappy than you. You see, you converse with *De Amie*, are certain of his Esteem, which Time may ripen to Love. I know not but I am despised, by the only Person I can imagine agreeable; and, whether I am beloved or hated, have no Hopes of ever seeing him again.

B U T

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BUT whilst the Ladies were unfolding to each other their Misfortunes, Madam *De Bassonville* and *Flavia* were busied in the pleasing Hopes of being revenged on *De Amie*. Madam *La Mode* having sent by that artful *Favorite* the Articles to *Mecænas*, she proposed he should agree to, before this mighty Alliance could be completed, judging this the prudent Way of disposing herself in Marriage; on this Occasion the *Widow* took care to hint to *Mecænas*, If he would succeed with *Amiana*, he must dispose of his Son, she fearing that Lady might be more charm'd with his Youth, than the superior Excellencies that adorn the Father. This Discourse had so absolute an Effect, he resolved, on pain of his eternal Displeasure, to force his Son to this Marriage.

IN the midst of these Schemes to perplex *De Amie*, an Accident happened, that very much chagrined that *subtle Lady* and her favorite Daughter. Madam *De Bassonville*'s House being too little for her large Family, *Charlot* and *Amiana* lodged together, and *Flavia* had a little Room to herself, on the same Floor, joining to the other's Chamber. One Night, *Amiana*, not being in a Humour to stay with the Company, retired
to

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to her Chamber ; which *De Amie* perceiving, thought it would be a fit Opportunity to gain a private Conversation with her. He beg'd *Charlot* to go with him to her Apartment, which she readily complied to, whatever secret Reluctance she might feel. In the mean while, *Flavia*, whose Malice made her observing, being satisfied *De Amie* and her lovely Cousin were together, she said to *Mecænas*, in a low Voice, Does not your Lordship think your Son and *Amiana*, like happy Lovers, are withdrawn to enjoy each other's Company? *Mecænas* alarmed, desiring her to explain, she said, If you'll step into *Amiana's* Chamber, you will find she does not dislike the Company of all Mankind.

MECÆNAS stays to hear no more, but, fired with Jealousy, went directly to *Amiana's* Apartment, and, without Ceremony, began to rally that Lady on the Liking she had often expressed to be retired; telling her, a favoured Lover was a very agreeable Help to pass the tedious Hours with, She began to answer him with a Warmth, that show'd she was not awed with his Power. When, of a sudden, they heard from the Bed, the Curtains being drawn in order for their going to Rest,

one

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one sneezing violently three or four Times. At which *Charlot* and *Amiana* looking surprized, they both rose, and drawing the Curtains expos'd *Beausly* lying on the Bed. At which they giving a great Shriek, the Noise brought up Madam *De Bassonville* and *Flavia*. I believe it will be difficult to represent, which was most amazed, the *Beau*, or the Company. *Amiana* and *Charlot* were the first that ask'd him how he came there: To which, with a confident Air, he said, He never discovered the Reasons that induc'd him to enter a Lady's Chamber. But, reply'd *Amiana*, (with a Look which show'd how deeply she thought her Reputation injured) You ought before you go hence, be made to tell what induced you to such an unparallel'd Action. Here *Flavia*, interrupting her, said, Tho' you should put the Gentleman to the Trouble of inventing an Excuse, we all believe he only retired to contemplate *Seneca*, or the *Christian Heroe* you so much admire. This malicious Reflexion of *Flavia's* had an Effect different from what she expected. For *De Amie*, looking on her with Scorn, said, Madam, if I mistake not, *Monsieur Beausly* is better skill'd in sending seasonable Bills, than studying *Seneca*, he understanding how to draw

a Lady to a more private Amity than the Masquerade. And I wonder how such a perfect Master of Intrigues, could make so great a Blunder as to mistake the Apartment. There is nothing in Nature of what you have said, answered *Beaufly* with his usual Confidence: For, may the Furies singe me! if I was not so charmed with the neat Foot, and pretty-coloured Shoe-strings of Madam *Bassonville's* Maid, that perceiving the Company engaged, I withdrew hither, to watch an Opportunity to see if her Leg were answerable to her enchanting Foot; and beg ten thousand Pardons, for occasioning this Confusion.

IN the mean while, Madam *De Bassonville*, who was too well acquainted with *De Amie*, to doubt the Truth of his ill-natur'd Reflexions, join'd with the Confusion of *Flavia*, assuming a very grave Look, reproach'd *Beaufly* with the Scandal he might have brought on her Family, by his Indiscretion; ending, with desiring him for the future to cease visiting her, and that Moment withdraw. Which Command the *Beau* with a low Bow obeyed, perhaps not displeased he had escaped so well.

WHEN he was gone, the Peer, who with Rage had observed his Son so zealous

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to save *Amiana's* Honour, tho' at the Expence of *Flavia's*, looking on him with Indignation, said, I see you are grown a Knight Errant in the Cause of Love, and suppose you intend to throw the Gauntlet, and bid Defiance to all that shall presume to say any one is so fair, or virtuous, as the *Heroine* you adore; else sure you would never have been so wild, to give such an ill-natured Turn, to vindicate a Reputation, we all know unquestionably good: But Sir, added he, I desire you, and all the Company, to take notice, I think I am the proper Person to be consulted in the Choice of a Wife; and would have you, if you expect I should regard you as a Son, never think of any other Person, but *Mademoiselle La Mode*, for a Wife.

HAD *De Amie* been struck with Thunder, he could not be more surprized; he remain'd astonish'd some Moments. When, on a little Recollection, he replied, I hope, My Lord, in all Things you'll find, I have a just Sense of the Duty of a Son: But, I am afraid at present, we are both too much disordered, to enter into further Discourse; for which Reason, I beg Leave to withdraw, and take a more cool Time, to convince you how ready I am to obey you
in

in every Thing I ought. He stay'd not for *Mecænas's* Reply, but withdrew.

THE Statesman being left with *Amiana* and the Family, he, addressing his Discourse to that Lady, and blending the Submissions of a Lover with the Authority of his Rank, let her know he was displeased to find *De Amie* his Rival; which she perceiving, took care to convince him, the Son was as perfectly indifferent to her, as the Father; and in all her Actions there appearing a cold Respect, that show'd how little she esteem'd or fear'd his Greatness, it stung him so, he could not help letting her know what an unbounded Authority he had, at the same Time assuring her it would be her own Fault, if she did not both command him, and it. To which that Lady replied, with an unconcerned Look; My Lord, I neither want, nor desire, a Power beyond what Fortune has bestowed on me. Your Ambition then, answered he peevishly, has very narrow Bounds. I believe it has, replied she, and yet I can't help thinking it is a truer Greatness, in the Soul, to be content with the Fortune that is necessary to support the Manner one has been bred in, than submit to owe one's Rise to the particular Favour of a Superiour: For, unless

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one is guilty of Ingratitude, the Pain of being obliged, so much enslaves the Mind to the Will of the Benefactor, as to deprive it of its native Freedom; which, to me, added she, would be an Uneasiness, the highest Grandeur could not recompense. This unmoved Temper of *Amiana's*, more perplex'd the *Politician* how to manage, than Affairs of the greatest Consequence. For at the same time he was charmed with her Beauty, he was enraged at her Scorn; in one Moment he would resent her Insensibility, and the next own himself the Offender, with the lowest Submissions. But finding neither could prevail, and her Charms still gaining a greater Ascendent on him, he at last, as a mighty Favour, offers to marry her. But, what a Shock did his Pride meet, to find both his Power and Person refused! He had Recourse to the Widow, to know what could be done. But that subtle Lady, who was not displeased at her refusing to marry him, took care to hint, there were Ways to make her comply on easier Terms; and that some Ladies, rather chose to be conquered by Force of Arms, than Persuasions.

HER Approbation being all he wanted, They soon contrived how to put their Designs

signs in Execution. Madam *De Bassonville* using to go often to a Seat of *Mecænas's*, a few Miles out of Town, they determined to act there, their detestable Stratagems. She began to find herself extremely ill for want of Air, and, as usual, took *Amiana* and *Flavia* with her; *Charlot* being very ill was left in Town. The Thoughts of *De Amie's* being forced to marry *Mademoiselle La Mode*, had seized her tender Spirit with so violent a Grief, that her Life began to be doubted.

IN the mean while, *De Amie*, who was perplex'd between his Regard for *Amiana*, and his Father's late Treatment, joined with his Command to marry *Mademoiselle La Mode*: Knowing all the Family, but *Charlot*, was at *Mecænas's*, he made her a Visit, in Hopes to learn from her, how far *Mecænas* intended to carry that Design. He had scarce entered into Conversation, when they were told the Chevalier *De Bassonville* was arrived: The Post that Gentleman had in the Army, having separated these two Friends almost three Years, nothing could be more agreeable to *De Amie*, in this Exigence of his Affairs, than his Return.

AFTER

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AFTER the first Endearments, the hopeleſs Lover, and the unhappy Siſter, began to acquaint him with all that had happened ſince *Amiana* had been there. *Charlot* informed them, ſhe fear'd this Viſit to *Mecænas*, might have ſome Deſign in it, to enſnare *Amiana*: Becauſe, when that Lady ſeem'd inclined to ſtay with her, her Mother had charg'd her to diſſuade *Amiana* from it. Nor did ſhe fail to let *De Amie* know, it was the determin'd Reſolution of his Father, he ſhould marry *Made-moiſelle La Mode*; to all which the *Chevalier* liſtened with an Attention, that ſhow'd how much he intereſted himſelf in that Affair. And after they had diſcourſed and conſulted what was to be done, *De Amie* appearing more uneaſy at *Amiana*'s Indifference, than the Fear of being forced to comply to the Marriage his Father intended, it was agreed, he and the *Chevalier* ſhould go to *Mecænas*'s Seat, and, by the Help of a Key, which he had often done, let himſelf into the Park, and from thence into the Garden; where they intended to wait 'till the Family were at Reſt, and then find ſome means by her Maid, to ſpeak with her. *Charlot* forwarded this Propoſal, hoping from *Amiana*'s Friendſhip, ſome advantageous

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tageous Turn in her Favour; telling them, she believed if they concealed themselves in the Labyrinth, in the Park, it was probable *Amiana* would visit that Place before she went to Bed; she having taken such a Liking to it, as frequently to steal from the Company, to wander alone there. The *Chevalier* hearing what his Sister said, was fully bent on going; and being late, in a Chariot and six, they drove as fast as possible to the Place.

IN the mean while, *Amiana* finding *Mecænas's* Affairs still to keep him in Town, with an unsuspecting Tranquillity, enjoyed the Pleasures of the Place. They had pass'd three Days, without the Hurry of Visitors; and having spent most of the Afternoon at Play, the Ladies being weary of that Diversion, they gave over, and went to walk in the Garden; where, without seeming to design it, they separated from each other. *Amiana* finding herself alone, went to her favourite Labyrinth, and in that gloomy Solitude had pass'd an Hour, when she perceived a Man in a plain Dress approach her; whom she imagining to be a Servant belonging to the Family, without any Apprehension, suffered to come close to her. But what can describe her Fright, when she

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she found he laid hold on her; and could discern, by the Glimmerings of the Moon, that here and there darted through the Boughs, an odd antick Creature with monstrous white Brows, his Face full of brown Furrows, and Cheeks unnaturally covered over with Red. He spoke not a Word, but throwing his Arms about her Neck, treated her in so rude a Manner that (amidst her Resistance) she had recourse to loud Shrieks: Which the Ravisher often endeavoured to stop, by laying his Hands on her Mouth; and still continuing his Silence, and rude Treatment, he by Force had tied her Hands, when Providence interposing in her Relief, in that Instant brought *De Amie's* Chariot under the Wall of the Park. Where hearing her Cries, he said, It's certainly *Amiana's*: On which the *Chevalier*, who was no less attentive than the other, on hearing her repeated Cries, said, Indeed, it is *Amiana's* Voice; and that Moment getting out of the Coach, and making the Servant drive it close to the Wall, with one Step from the Coach-box, (to which he flew up, swift as Thought) he reach'd the Height of the Wall: And from thence leaping down, ran directly to the Place, where her Cries directed him.

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IT was happy for the disguised Ravisher, in this Hurry to save *Amiana*, the *Chevalier* had forgot his Sword, and left it in the Chariot, or doubtless he had that Moment pierc'd his base Heart; however, when he saw the vile *Wretch* trying to stop her Mouth, while she was struggling on her Knees, he flew to him; and seizing him by the Throat, almost strangled him. And being much stronger, dragging him some Paces from her, he began to beat him in so terrible a Manner, that unable to bear the Pain, he roar'd out, and to the amazed *Chevalier* discovered the Voice of *Mecænas*. Which not only stay'd him from further assaulting him, but, raising him from the Ground, he said, My Lord, I have too many Obligations here, not to stop all Resentment, or Reproaches. And then turning to *Amiana*, whose Hands were tyed, at the same Time he was loosening them, said, Madam, fly this detested Place, and believe, whilst *Bellmont* has Life, you are safe in his Protection. On which, she a little recovering from her dreadful Fright, in the first Transports, cryed, It's indeed *Bellmont* himself; and then, bursting into a Flood of Tears, sunk down into his Arms. But he, observing *Mecænas* hasten towards the House,

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without

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without speaking the least Word to them, said to her, Madam, we must fly this Moment, for Fear of some new Injury, that will not be in the Power of *Bellmont* to save you from. And informing her, *De Amie* waited at the Park-gate to conduct her to some Place of Safety, she made no Stay, but flew as fast as possible thither.

ACCORDING as the *Chevalier* said, *De Amie*, finding it impossible to get over the Wall, as *De Bassonville* had done, by reason of a late Hurt in his Foot, he had the Chariot drove to the Gate, and just opened it, as they came thither; which, getting immediately into it, they drove as fast as possible to Town.

IT'S easy to believe, as they were on their Journey, they informed *De Amie* all that happened. I will not pretend to describe his Surprise and Concern, to find his Father could be guilty of an Action so very base. But the *Chevalier*, who had a deeper Penetration than the other, owned, from what *Charlot* had said, he feared some such Design; being sensible, the Complaisance his Mother had to the Will of *Mecænas*, would not hinder her on any Occasion to dispute his Command; yet whatever his private Sentiments were, he to them artfully

fully excused her, on the Weakness of the Sex, overpower'd by Fear and Persuasions, with perhaps too nice a Sense of Gratitude.

THIS first Conversation being over, and *De Amie* observing *Amiana* often call the *Chevalier* Monsieur *Bellmont*, and extremely amazed to find him the Son of Madam *De Bassonville*, he desiring to know the Meaning of it, the other replied, The Misfortune, that occasioned his Acquaintance with that Lady, being what they were both Strangers too, he would inform them, if it were agreeable; which they assuring him it would be, he proceeded to tell them: His Regiment being quartered in the City of —, he there became acquainted with the Count *De Orville*, who had lately married a very beautiful Woman, with a vast Fortune; but, finding herself neglected by her Husband, she fell into deep Play, to amuse the uneasy Thoughts, his ill Usage gave her; and he not caring to drink, to which the Count was addicted, he rather chose to pass the Hours with her and the Ladies at Play, than with him; which at first putting him out of Humour, he became so jealous of them, that watching his Lady on all Occasions, one Day, as she was in an Arbour by herself, and the

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Chevalier by Accident walking in the Garden; and perceiving, just as he approached her, she had drop'd her Nofegay, he kneeled down and took it up, to give it her; when the Count rushing on them, with his Sword drawn, had certainly stab'd him in the Back, had not the Lady who saw him, cryed out; which caused him to turn, and retreat back, 'till he had got his Sword out to defend himself; in which Rencounter he soon left the Count for dead. And knowing he had powerful Friends in that City, he thought it safest to conceal himself, 'till he should hear whether *De Orville* recover'd, or not. That the Gentleman which accompanied him to *Monsieur De Alben*, being particularly acquainted with that Family, obtain'd the Favour to conceal him there, 'till the Count was out of Danger; and then, pursued he, I found too many Charms in that Place to be able to depart, 'till I was forc'd by Command to return to my Post. That Instant I waited (as you know) on Madam *De Bueville*, intending to inform her, how nearly I had the Honour to be related to her. Here he stop'd, not caring, in *De Amie's* Presence, to explain himself further; who, in that little Discourse, had discerned too much for his Repose.

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THEY all agreed to return to Madam *De Bassonville's*, where they found *Charlotte* extremely ill, her Mind being racked with a thousand Fears about *De Amie*, which had seized her to that Degree, that she was fallen into a Fever. They told her all that had happened; and she soon perceiving *Bellmont* and her Brother were the same, she had a few uncertain Hopes, that *De Amie*, finding it impossible to meet with a Return, would cease to regard that Lady with so violent a Passion: Not but that Thought was checked, when she reflected, it was scarce in the Power of Fortune to render her the least Remedy.

DE AMIE, being sensible it grew late, left the *Chevalier* and the Ladies to their Repose. *De Bassonville*, the Moment they were alone, began to complain to *Amiana* of her severe Treatment, in not only so cruelly refusing to see him, but still to continue it, by never vouchsafing to return the least Answer to his Letters. To which that Lady replied, She did not imagine her Actions could give him any Pain, since *Mademoiselle Villarette* made him such favourable Returns. The Amazement that appeared in the *Chevalier's* Looks at her Words, being mix'd with an Air, which showed

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showed how little he comprehended her Meaning, that now hoping she might have been deceived, she explain'd to him all she had before told his Sister. Nothing could equal his Astonishment, he, in reality, never having a Thought of Love or Marriage for *Villarette*; with the most solemn Protestations assuring her, he scarce ever spoke to her, 'till the Day before *Amiana* was to return home; and then, perceiving she was Mistress of less Sense than her Sisters, imagining she would not so easily guess his Design, he owned, with Complaisance suitable to the Occasion, that he press'd her to make him happy with her Company to Madam *De Bueville*. And indeed, pursued he, after you were gone, I observed she favoured me very much with her Company: Giving an impertinent Account, how you seem'd out of Humour, at her proposing to visit you with me; with other insignificant Discourse, how little reason she had to believe you her Friend. Indeed, replied *Amiana*, I often thought, *Mademoiselle Villarette's* Vanity caused her to imagine your Passion equal to her Charms. Yet, pursued she, it is a Folly unparallel'd, on so slight an Occasion, to form an Idea of a Love so violent, as that of marrying a
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Person of her slender Fortune. But the *Chevalier* assuring her, by a thousand Protestations, he had never the least Thought, nor ever expressed any, but on his Design to prevail on her to let him accompany her in her next Visit to Madam *De Bueville's*, at length he dispersed all that lovely Lady's Doubts. She began to treat him with less Reserve; while he, with the Force and Eloquence of his unfeigned Passion, made her sensible how much he suffered by that cruel Mistake; what Grief he sustained, to be forc'd to depart as he did; and how his Unhappiness was increased, when he found she would not vouchsafe him the least Line. He further added, He had resolved, as soon as he was at Liberty, to return to *De Alben*; which his Friend prevented, by letting him know of Madam *De Bueville's* Death, with the happy News, that *Amiana* was gone to live with his Mother; which, said he, so increased my Impatience to see you, that with Difficulty I obtain'd, for some Months, to leave my Post, on desiring to be join'd with another, on a particular Message from the General to *Mecænas*.

THESE Lovers, now wanting nothing to compleat their Happiness, but some few Fears about their Friends, the *Chevalier*, reflecting

reflecting with Concern, not only what he might suffer from *De Amie's* Resentment, when he found him his Rival, but also dreaded *Mecænas's* Indignation, being very sensible, unless his Mother interposed, he was of too unforgiving a Temper not to resolve his Ruin; yet these Misfortunes seem'd but Trifles, compared to the Happiness of being blest with *Amiana*; *Charlot* having assured him, that lovely Lady's Heart was entirely his.

DE AMIE found the Night more tedious, than the Lovers thought it short in the engaging Society of each other. For tho' they imagined, they had behaved with that Reserve, not to give him the least Suspicion, yet the Transports, with which the *Chevalier* flew to her Relief, the Joy he express'd for having rescued her, join'd with their being formerly acquainted, with good reason made *De Amie* fear a Rival in his Friend; a Rival too, he imagined happy in his Mistress's Favour. But, tho' these Thoughts caused the violentest Grief, that a jealous Lover could feel, yet he had a Generosity in his Temper, that made him resolve, if they had real Friendship for each other, not to oppose their Happiness, unless he could by it compleat his own: Rather

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ther choos'ing eternally to banish Love, and *Amiana* from his Breast, than certainly to obtain her, by any of those unworthy Ways he thought so base in his Father. And resolving from *Amiana* to hear his Doom, he rose early the next Day, and went thither. That Lady received him with the Respect due to his Quality, and the late Obligation she had to him. But when he began to talk to her in the Stile of a Lover, she soon made him sensible, it was only in her Power to esteem him. And artfully turning the Discourse, she began, with a Smile, to tell him, he deserved little Compassion from the Sex, who had suffered the most valuable Person in the World to pine many Years, under the most poignant Grief, which a violent Love, join'd with Despair, could feel. On this Occasion, she took care to describe all *Charlot's* Virtues, the Sweetness of her Temper, her extreme Modesty, with the Misery she had sustain'd in endeavouring to subdue her hopeless Love; closing the Discourse with repeating several of those fine Ideas she had of him. And at the same Time, letting him know, her Passion had so strongly seized her, that her Life began to be despaired of. These Words calling to his Mind the Conversation he

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had with the Lady at the Masquerade, he listened to her with great Attention; and having a Soul capable to be touched with the tenderest Sentiments that Passion could inspire, he soon began to feel all the Power of Pity for the afflicted *Unknown*; nay, when he reflected on the Falshood of *Flavia*, and the Indifference of *Amiana*, he found a thousand Charms in being beloved; and with Impatience, inquired of *Amiana* the Name of this unhappy Fair one. But that Lady, resolving not to use *Charlot's* Confidence so cruelly, as to expose her on less Terms than changing her Misery to a compleat Happiness, still held him in Suspense, 'till she had wrought his Esteem, his Curiosity and Pity to the Height. She wished, and even, by Degrees, at last made him sensible, it was the agreeable *Charlot*, for whom he had always expressed so great an Esteem. And, indeed, the Moment *De Amie* began to imagine it was that engaging Lady, recollecting several past Incidents, which confirmed all *Amiana* said, the first Impression that Lady's Charms had made on him, began to revive, with such Increase, that without staying to hear any more, he flew to her Chamber; and kneeling by her Bed-side, seizing her Hand, and

ardently

ardently kissing it, he said, Thou dearest, best, and most engaging of thy Sex! is it possible, you can regard *De Amie* with the least Tendernefs? But I will, pursued he, I will, by eternally devoting my Heart to you alone, make myself worthy of *Charlot*. Oh! continued he, pardon my past Neglect, and believe whilst there is Life or Motion in the Heart of *De Amie*, only *Charlot* shall command there. The Surprize this Behaviour of his filled her with, mingled with her Shame and Joy, had such an Effect on her weak Constitution, that, unable to support the Conflict, without speaking a Word, she fainted in his Arms; and it was with Difficulty they recovered her.

THE *Chevalier De Bassonville*, perceiving *De Amie's* generous Intention to marry his Sister, in spite of the Inferiority of her Birth and Fortune, or even *Mecænas's* Displeasure; after he had in the most obliging Terms express'd his Gratitude for his Condescension, as not only to make his Sister happy, but also making him blest, by generously leaving *Amiana*, undisturbed, to her own Choice, he told him, To convince him how much Heaven interested itself in the Actions of the Virtuous, he would begin to confirm his Happiness, by assuring him

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he need not fear *Mecænas's* Displeasure concerning *Mademoiselle La Mode*; she being, that Day he came to Town, married to *Monsieur De Aveline*. All the Company were surprized at these Words of the *Chevalier*; they knowing that, not above five Days before, she had given *Madam De Bassonville* the Articles she intended for the Marriage between her and *De Amie*. They desired him to inform them, what had caused so sudden a Change. He told them, As he was coming to Town, [he met *Monsieur De Aveline* going to his Cousin the Marquess *De Bree*, who was then dangerously ill of a Fever. The Friendship, pursued he, there always has been between the Marquess and myself, caused me, at *De Aveline's* Request, to turn back, and accompany him thither; where we had the Happiness to find him on his Recovery. *De Aveline* acquainted us with the ill Usage he had received from *Madam La Mode*, since her Brother's Death; on which we persuaded him to recover her by a Stratagem, the Marquess *De Bree* thought on. We being informed, the Night we arrived, she was come to a Seat of hers, about three Miles from thence, as I since understood, by the Advice of my Mother, who, I suppose, fearing she might perceive
your

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your Coldness to the Marriage, before your Father could bring you to a Compliance, had prevailed on her to retire; where she soon heard the Report of the Marquess *De Bree's* Illness. Nor was she ignorant, by his Death, *De Aveline*, being the next Heir, would succeed to the Title and Estate. Each Day after our Arrival, we took care, by the Help of Physicians and the Marquess's Servants, to increase the Report of his Illness; and, at length, had it whispered, he was dead. I then made her a Visit, as coming that Way, and by Accident hearing she was in that Part of the Country, to know if she had any Command to my Mother. Where, as I expected, said the *Chevalier*, she began to talk of the Marquess *De Bree's* Death; and soon made me sensible, she repented her having slighted *De Aveline*. It was pleasant, continued he, to hear, how exactly she balanced the different Advantages and Honours of each Match, and how much she was influenced with the Thoughts of being the great *Mæcenas's* Daughter; tho' at the same Time she was conscious how little Regard you had for her. On which, continued he, I took an Opportunity to inforce, what a Respect *De Aveline* had for her; adding, I was
certain,

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certain, in spite of her ill Usage, if she called him back, before he could imagine she knew of the *Marquess's* Death, he would throw himself at her Feet. And a little making her sensible, what Happiness she might expect from a Husband that doted on her Charms, to the Vexations she must infallibly meet with from one insensible to them, it had the Effect we wished. She sent to speak with him; he waited on her, but with an Air of cold Respect, 'till her obliging Caresses (without one Word of *De Bree's* Death) so softned him, that, before they parted, she prevailed on him to marry her. In less than an Hour after this Marriage, pursued he, which was made in such Haste, that not one Article, nor the least Reserve for herself was made, I took my Leave of them, not caring to be present, when the *Marquess De Bree* should make a Visit; which I know will be this Morning, to thank her for the Honour she has done him, in marrying so near and worthy a Relation. At which *De Amie* smiling, said, He feared, she would return the Compliment with an ill Grace. Nor was he deceived; for that Lady so resented the Misfortune of being married to a private Gentleman, she would not hear of living with him,

him, 'till she had made both her Husband and self ridiculous to the whole Town.

BUT to return to the generous *De Amie*; who resolving, in spite of all he might fear from his Father's Displeasure, immediately to marry *Charlot*, the *Chevalier* soon prevail'd on *Amiana* to follow their Example. The Ceremony was scarce compleated, before the Return of Madam *De Bassonville*.

THAT *Politician*, feeling the extremest Shame to be detected in an Action so base, which even his own loose Morals could not help thinking unpardonable, he, as is already mentioned, after he was discovered, went immediately to Madam *De Bassonville*, and told her, in what a surprizing Manner he was discovered by her Son. They were extremely concerned lest *Amiana* should expose them both; being conscious what a detestable Opinion the *Chevalier* and that Lady must have of them; it being impossible, but that they must be sensible, it was a Contrivance to rob *Amiana* of her Innocence, and leave her ignorant, even of the cruel Spoiler, 'till they had brought her to a better Temper. For, tho' *Mecænas* never appear'd, under Pretence of being kept in Town by Affairs of the greatest Confe-

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Consequence, yet his *Disguise* and *Silence*, amidst his Violence, made it but too plain, he intended never to be known, had not the *Chevalier* by his Chastisement forc'd him to cry out, and by that Means discovered him.

AFTER they had tormented themselves, on cooler Thinking they reflected, they had less reason to fear being insulted by the *Chevalier* than any other Person; and resolved, Madam *De Bassonville* should return to Town (they being convinced, *Amiana* was fled with her Son) and then appear perfectly ignorant of all, only her Concern to find *Amiana* missing; intending, if her Son should presume to hint any Thing concerning *Mecænas*, to resent it with extreme Anger, and positively deny it, by affirming he had not been at his Seat, all the Time they were there, as his Family could witness.

BUT, on her Return, the *Chevalier* desiring to speak with her in private, soon made her sensible, he was perfectly acquainted with all her Artifices; and representing them in the dark Colours they deserved, that conscious her Guilt merited thus to be detected by her Son, she began to be sensible, what an odious Part she had
been

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been acting. Which the *Chevalier* perceiving, and still amidst his Reproaches mingling the Respect due to a Parent, at last concluded with letting her know, how very favourable Fortune had been to her Family, in disappointing her Designs, and making *Charlot* happy in the Alliance of *De Amie*, and himself in gaining the valuable *Amiana*; telling her, now all her Arts must be employed to soften *Mecænas*'s Resentment against him on *Amiana*'s Score, and gain his Pardon for *De Amie*'s Marriage. .

THE Honour he had done her, in marrying her Daughter, so very much surpassed her Hopes, that now entirely becoming *De Amie*'s Friend, she instructed him, how to oppose, and over-awe his Father's Anger; by letting him know, he was fully acquainted with his Design on *Amiana*: Tho', by the Help of her Son, she so artfully told her Story, that the young Peer believed her ignorant of all the Contrivance, but carrying *Amiana* to *Mecænas*'s Seat. Which Advice, by her Address, had so happy an Effect, he was soon reconciled to him, and, in Spite of his Ambition, found it a greater Difficulty to forgive the *Chevalier*, who had robbed him of every Hope to possess the matchless *Amiana*: Tho', by Degrees, that

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Lady's Virtues and Complaisance turned his Passion to so great an Esteem, he omitted no Opportunity to raise the *Chevalier De Bassonville* to the Height his Good Sense, and uncommon Genius deserved.

YET all *Mecænas's* Power, could not prevail on *Beaufly* to make *Flavia* his Bride: Tho', to avoid that Statesman's Displeasure, he chose rather to travel; and *Flavia* found almost too severe a Punishment, to see herself despised, whilst Fortune join'd with Virtue, to compleat the Happiness of those two amiable Ladies.

F I N I S.

